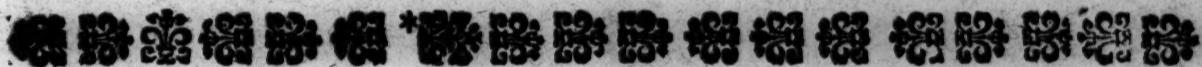


THE
ADDRESS
A
NEW BALLAD.

Tune of, *Ye Commons and Peers, &c.*



LONDON.

Printed for J. Smith, near the Royal-Exchange.
1727. [Price two Pence.]

A NEW BALLAD

Tune of the Commons and Peers, &c.

BELIEVE us, dread Sir,
We come Whip and Spur
To bring you a flaming Address:
With fiery Hotnels
Your Borcough of Tonkez
Their Zeal for your Honour express.

First then we beg Leave,
And earnestly crave,
To shew You how much we detest
The Projects so vain
Of Philip of Spain,
To disturb Your good Majesty's Rest.

This Philip, it seems,
Is forming of Schemes,
Which ali the round World will surprize,
With Views to oppress,
And sorely distress
The best of his Quidam Allies

Put alas! 'tis in vain
For Armada's of Spain,
To think they can frighten us Britons:
For what can we dread,
When You're at the Head,
And Bob at the Tail of the Great Ones?

Your Protestant Zeal
For our Commonweal,
Is such, that You stick at no Pains:
Yonr M----st--y too,
They all are True Blue,
Such Blessings are not in all Reigns.

Our County, we ween,
Gave Birth to Two Men,
Great Churchill! and renowned Drake!
Whose Names still, we trust,
Tho' they're laid in the Dust,
Make Spain and the Empire to quake.

[4]

What tho' they are dead,
 Three Men we have bred,
 Who equal these Heroes in Fame!
 Their Courage so great
 Your Foes will defeat,
 And all Your proud Enemies tame.

Still Hoiser we have,
 And Wager the brave;
 At Sea the Jack Spaniardz will jink:
 Whilst Wills, on dry Land,
 Your Troops shall command,
 And your Faith breaking Enemies sink.

Four Shillingt Per Pound
 We'll pay for our Ground
 If any we have to be seen:
 If that's not enough,
 We'll strip into Buff,
 And give you the other Sixteen.

Should Pretender come in,
 We'll die like brave Men,
 And each in Piece -meal will be too,
 Not one he shall find
 Alive left behind,
 To exercise Tyranny o'er.

Full late may you go,
 From Your Crown here below,
 To Heaven, for ever to wear,
 a Diadem bright,
 As Star in the Night,
 And larger than any by far.

May we never want one,
 Like Yon, or Your Son,
 To sit on the Throne of this Realms:
 Thrice happy they'll be,
 To live for to see
 Such Princely Folks govern the same.

F I N I S.